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THE
PILGRIM.
A
COMEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS.

Written originally

By F L E T C H E R. K.

Afterwards altered

By D R Y D E N.

Now Revived, with Material ADDITIONS, and Printed under
the Inspection of JAMES WRIGHTEN, Prompter.

EXACTLY AGREEABLE TO THE REPRESENTATION,

AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED FOR MESSRS. COLLES, CHAMBERLAINE,
GILBERT, M'DONNELL, PERRIN, SLEATER,
BYRNE, MOORE, AND
DORNIN.

M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

This bound.

DR

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Sebert
Gover
Old P
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Pedro (the Pilgrim),	—	Mr. Kemble.
Alphonso,	—	Mr. Baddeley.
Roderigo,	—	Mr. Barrymore.
Curio,	—	Mr. Staunton.
Seberto	—	M. Williams.
Governor of Segovia,		Mr. Phillimore.
Old Pilgrim,	—	Mr. Packer.
Lopez,	—	Mr. Suett.
Jaquez,	—	Mr. Burton.
Stuttering Servant,		M. R. Palmer.
Drunken Servant,		Mr. Bates.
Porter,	—	Mr. Fawcett.
Gentlemen,	— {	Messrs. Wilson and Ben- son.
Outlaws,	— {	Messrs. Spencer, Alfred, and Lyons.
Mad Scholar,	—	Mr. Whitfield.
Mad Englishman,	—	Mr. R. Palmer.
Mad Taylor,	—	Mr. Waldron.
Master of Madhouse,		Mr. Chaplin.
Keepers of ditto,	{	Messrs. Faucett and Jones.
Peasants,	— {	Messrs. Lomash, Bates, and Phillimore.
Beggars,	— {	Messrs. Jones, and Lyons.

W O M E N.

Alinda,	—	Mrs. Taylor.
A Fool,	—	Miss Collins.
Juletta,	—	Mrs. Jordan.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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THE
PILGRIM.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in Alphonso's House.

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Sebento.

Cur. **S**IGNIOR Alphonso, you are too rugged with her, too harsh; indeed you are.

Alph. Yes, it seems so.

Seb. A father of so sweet a child, so good, so beautiful; fie, sir, fie, so excellent a creature.

Alph. She's a fool; away.

Seb. Can you be angry? Can any wind blow rough upon a blossom so fair and tender? Can a father's nature, a noble father's too?

Alph. All this is but prating: Let her be ruled: let her observe my humour; with my eyes let her see; with my ears let her hear; I am her father; I begat her; I bred her, and by Jupiter I will—

B

Seb.

Seb. No doubt you may compel her, but think how wretched you by force may make her.

Alph. Wretched! wretched! is't not a man I force her to? A noble man; a rich man; a handsome man; a young man; a strong man; none of your pieced companions, none of your washy rogues, that fly to fritters upon every puff of weather. I force her to a strong dog, don't I? What would the *bird* have?

Seb. I grant you, Roderigo is all these, and a brave gentleman: But does it therefore follow she must doat upon him? Will you allow no liberty in chusing?

Cur. Alas she's tender yet.

Alph. Tough, tough, tough as the devil; you see I can't break her.

Seb. You put her to too hard a trial: you know though he has merit, he's a banished man, an outlaw; you know the life he leads; that he's the head of a rough band of robbers; judge what effect his bloody rapines must needs ere this, have work'd upon his nature. A rugged mate, I doubt, for such a dove.

Cur. Rugged indeed; such different tempers, where can you ever hope to reconcile?

Alph. Rugged! she'll find ways to soften him. And for the pranks he plays in's banishment, it shews he's a mettled fellow: he'll make 'em weary o' their sentence; a small composition will restore him. But I know the secret of all this: my minx has some other in view; some slickering slave or other, some sweet-scented coxcomb, that—a—sings, I'll warrant you, and—a—lutes it, languishes, and has no beard; ha! is't not so?

Seb. So far from what you charge her with, I would engage my life, she has not yet a glance to answer for.

Cur. I never yet beheld more modesty,

Seb. Nor I, in one so young, so much discretion.

Alph.

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Alph. -----Hum-----and yet there was a fellow
(dead I hope) whom I have seen her glance at, till I
thought the hussy would have stuck her eyes into the
rascal.

Seb. Pray, who was that?

Alph. Pedro, sir, only Pedro, old Fernando's
hopeful heir; my mortal foe, whose family I wish
consumed; that's all, sir.

Seb. If that be all, you have nothing left to fear;
for Pedro, urged by secret discontent, has left his
father, friends, and all; and, as 'tis said, is gone to
range the world.

Alph. With all my heart: He was a beggar, so
strolling is his business.

Cur. He was a beggar, but a noble beggar;
shame on the court for suffering him to be so!

Alph. Shame on those who encourage beggars, I
say. Here's this young slut, in the midst of her
rebellion, is so very religious, she undoes me with
her charity. Why, what a crew of vermin have I
about my door every day to receive meat, drink,
and money from her fair hands. Not a rogue that
can say his prayers, groan, and turn his pipe to la-
mentation, but she thinks she's bound to dance to.

Enter Alinda and Julietta.

Alph. O, are you there, mistress? Well, how
goes disobedience to-day? --That's a base, down-
look---Ah you sturdy young jade.

Cur. Pray, be more gentle to her.

Alph. Pray be quiet; I know best how to deal
with her: and I will make her obey, or I will make
her-----

Alin. Sir, you may make me any thing; you
know I'm all obedience, there's nothing but my
prayers and tears oppose you.

Alph. Then will I oppose nothing but your pray-
ers and tears. Now I hope you can't complain of me.

Cur. Poor lady, how I pity her!

Alph. Pray keep your pity for a better occasion.

Look you, gentlewoman, you know my will; and, in that, you know all: so I leave you, to digest it; and I desire these gentlemen will do so too.

[Exit Alphonso.

Cur. A better hour attend you, madam.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen:

[Exeunt *Cur.* and *Seb.*

Alas! I want such comforts. Would I could thank you too, father; but your cruelty won't give me leave. Grant, heaven, I mayn't forget my duty to him.

Ful. If you do, madam, heaven will forgive you for't, ne'er fear it. A perverse old fool.

[Aside.

Alin. What poor attend my charity to-day, Juletta?

Ful. Enough of all sorts, madam; some that deserve your pity, some that don't; but I wish you would be merry with your charity; a chearful look becomes it.

Alin. Alas! Juletta, what is there for me to be merry at? What joy have I in view?

Ful. Joy; why what joy, i'th name of wonder, would you have, but a husband? A handsome young fellow, who'll send your spleen to the devil, madam.

Alin. Away, light fool; I doubt there's poor contentment to be found in marriage. Yet could I find a man----

Ful. You may a thousand.

Alin. Meer men, I know I may. But such a man from whose example (as from a compass) we may steer our course, and safe arrive at such a memory as shall become our ashes; such men are rare indeed. But no more of this; 'tis not discourse that's suited to thy giddy temper: let's go and see what poor afflicted wretches want my charity.

[Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

The Porch of Alphonso's House.

Porter, Beggars, Pedro and an old Pilgrim, discovered.

Port. **S**TAND off, and keep your ranks. Twenty foot farther.----The sun shines warm. The farther still the better.

1st Beg. Hey ho! heav'n bless our mistress.

Port. Does the crack go that way, old hunger, ha? 'Twill be o' my side anon.

2d Beg. Pray, friend, be kind to us.

Port. Friend! your friend; and why your friend, firrah, meagre chaps? What do you see in me, or without me, ha! that I should be your friend? This young soft-hearted mistress of mine does make these rogues so familiar.

2d Beg. I'm sure I would be your worship's friend.

Port. No doubt on't, firrah! any man's friend for what you can get.

1st Beg. I'm sure it's twelve o'clock.

Port. 'Tis ever so with thee, when thou hast done scratching; for that provokes thy stomach to ring noon. O the infinite seas of porridge thou hast swallowed! alms do you call it, to relieve those rascals?

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Alph. Look you there! Did not I tell you how she would undo me! What marts of rogues and beggars!

Seb. 'Tis charity methinks you are bound to love her for.

Alph. Yes, I'll warrant you. If men could sail to heaven in porridge-pots, with masts of beef and

mutton, what a voyage should I make! What are all these here?

1st Beg. Poor people, an't like your worship.

2d Beg. Wretched poor people.

All. Very hungry people.

Alph. And very lousy. And what are you? (*to the Pilg.*)

Old Pilg. Strangers that come to wonder at your charity; yet people poor enough to beg a blessing.

Cur. Use 'em gently, fir, they have a reverend mein. You are holy pilgrims, are you not?

Old Pilg. We are, fir, and bound far off, to offer our devotions.

Alph. What do you do here then? We have no reliques, no holy shrines.

Old Pil. The holiest we ever heard of: you keep a living monument of goodness; a daughter of that pious excellence the very shrines of saints sink at her virtue. We come to see this lady, not with profane eyes or wanton blood, to doat upon her beauty; but through our tedious way, to beg her blessing.

Alph. This is a new way of begging; these commendations cry money for reward, good store too: Ah! the fainting of this young harlot will cost me dear.

(*To Pedro*) Well fir, have you got your compliments ready too, and your empty purse? Ha! what nothing but a bow, modesty?

Cur. A handsome well-looking man. (*Aside*)

Alph. What country craver are you? What! nothing but motion? A puppet pilgrim.

Old Pilg. He's a stranger, fir; these four days I have travel'd in his company, but little of his business or his language yet I have understood.

Seb. Both young and handsome; only the sun has injured him.

Alph. Would you have money, fir, or meat, or a wench? What kind of blessing does your devotion point at? Still more ducking! Are there any saints that understand by sign only? Hah, more motion yet?

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Yet? This is the prettiest pilgrim; the pink of pilgrims.

Cur. Fie, sir, fie; rather bestow your charity than jest upon him.

Alph. Say you so? Why then look ye, pilgrim, here's a poor *viaticum*, very good gold, sir, I'm sorry 'tis not heavier. But since the lightest grain of earthly dross would be a burden to a heavenly mind — I'll put it up again.

Cur. O horrible! you are too irreverent.

Alph. You are a fool. Must I give my money to every rogue that carries a grave look in's face? Must my good angels wait upon him? I'll find 'em other business.

Seb. But consider, sir, the wrong you do those men may light on you: strangers are entitled to a softer usage.

Alph. Oons, half the kingdom will be strangers shortly, if this young slut's suffer'd to go on with her prodigalities. But I must be an ass. Here, sirrah, *(To porter)* see 'em relieved for once; do't effectually too; d'ye hear? Burst 'em, that I may never see 'em more.

[Exit Alphonso.]

Cur. Such a face as that, sure I have seen.

Seb. I thought so too; but we must be mistaken.

Exeunt Curio and Sebeto.

Port. Come, will ye troop up, porridge regiment? Captain *Poor-Quarter*, will ye move?

Enter Alinda and Juletta!

All Beg. Bless our good mistress.

Port. They are too high fed, madam, their stomachs are not awake yet.

Alin. Do you make sport with their miseries? sir, learn more humanity, or I shall find a way to teach it you.

1st Beg. Kind heaven preserve her, and for ever bless her.

Alin. Bless the good end that I mean it for,

[Exeunt Porter and Beggars.]

Jul.

Ful. (*Aside*) Would I knew what that were; 't' it be for a man, I'd say *amen* with all my heart.----- You have a very pretty band of pensioners, madam.

Alin. Vain-glory would seek more and handfomer; but I appeal to virtue what my end is.----- What men are these?

Ful. Holy pilgrims they seem to be. What pity 'tis that handsome young fellow should undergo so much penance: Would I were the saint he makes his vow to; I'd soon grant his request, let him ask what he would.

Alin. You are pilgrims, is't not so?

Old Pilg. We are, fair saints; may heaven's grace surround you; may all good thoughts and prayers dwell about you; abundance be your friend, and holy charity be ever at your hand to crown you glorious.

Alin. I thank you, sir, peace guide your travels too; and what you wish for most, end all your troubles. Remember me by this (*giving him money*), and in your prayers, when your strong heart melts, meditate my poor fortunes.

Old Pilg. All my devotions wait upon your service.

Alin. Are you of this country, sir?

Old Pilg. Yes, worthiest lady, but far off bred: My fortune's farther from me.

Alin. I am no inquisitor; whatever vow, or penance pulls you on, sir, conscience, or love, or stubborn disobedience, the saint you kneel to, hear and ease your travels.

Old Pilg. Yours ne'er begin; and thus I seal my prayers. [*Exit.*]

Alin. (*Aside*) How steadfast this man looks upon me! How he sighs! Some great affliction sure's the source of his devotions.

(*To Pedro.*) Right, holy sir. He turns from us: Alas! he weeps too: Something presses him he would reveal, but dares not. Sir, be comforted:

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If you want, to me you appear so worthy of relief, I'll be your steward. Speak and take. He's dumb still! This man affects me strangely!

Jul. I like his shape well. (*aside*)

Alin. It may be he would speak to me alone. (*Aside*) Retire a little, Juletta; but d'ye hear, don't be far off.

Jul. I shan't, madam: Would I were nearer him: A young, smug, handsome holiness has no fellow. [*Aside. Retires.*]

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your penance sharp? Are the vows you have made too mighty for you? Or does the world allure you to look back, and make you mourn the softer hours you have lost? You are young, and seem as you were formed for manly resolution: Come, be comforted.

Ped. I am, fair angel: and such a comfort from your words I feel, that tho' calamities like angry waves, curl round, contending proudly who shall first devour me, yet I will stem their danger.

Alin. He speaks nobly. [*Aside.*]

What do you want, sir?

Ped. All that can make me happy: I want myself.

Alin. Yourself! who robb'd you, pilgrim? Why does he look so earnestly upon me? I want myself!

Indeed you holy wanderers are said to seek much: But to seek yourselves-----

Ped. I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow, have lost myself, and now am not so noble.

Alin. [*Aside*] I seek myself! Sure, something I remember bears that motto; it is not he; he's younger, has a smother face; yet for that self sake, pilgrim, whoso'er it be, take this. [*offers money*]

Ped. Your hand I dare take; that be far from me: Your hand I hold, and thus I kiss it; and thus I bless it too. *Be constant still: Be good: And live to be a great example.*

[*Exit.*]

Alin.

Alin. One word more. He's gone: Heav'n, how I tremble! *Be constant still*; 'tis the very posy here; and here without, *be good*. He wept too as he left me. It must be Pedro. Juletta.

Juletta comes forward.

Jul. Madam.

Alin. Take this key, and quickly fetch me the jewel that lies in my little cabinet. [*Exit Juletta*] That will determine all. It must be he: His face was smoother when I saw him last; yet here's a manly look, a noble shape, still speak him Pedro.

Enter Juletta.

Alin. Let me see it: 'Tis so; 'tis he; it must be he: He spoke the words just as they stand engraven here. *I seek myself, and am but myself's shadow*. Poor Pedro! But how shall I recover him? Juletta, the pilgrim, where is he? Which way did he go?

Jul. Alas! madam, I don't know; it's in vain to seek him now.

Alin. I tell thee I must see him; I gave him nothing.

Jul. That was ill done, indeed; for he's the handsomest fellow I have seen this many a day. What makes her look so thoughtful? Sure here's something afoot more than ordinary. [*Exit.*]

Alin. 'Tis enough. He has done much for me: I'll try what recompence 'tis in my power to make him.

Forgive me, duty, if I break thy laws!
My father's harsh and bitter treatment
Makes me renounce my home--home I have none
Without the youth I love--Oh Pedro!
Thro' ev'ry change of fortune I will fly,
Thro' all inclemencies of earth and sky,
The sharpest trials of my fortunes prove,
To follow, and reward my constant love. [*Exit.*]

End of Act I.

ACT

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A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Room in Alphonso's House.

*Enter Alphonso, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, Porter
and Servants.*

Alph. CAN she slip through a key-hole? Tell me that, resolve me: Can she fly i'th' air? is she invisible? Gone, and no body knew it.

Seb. Pray be more moderate.

Alph. 'Oons! find her out, or I'll hang ye all; you wagtail, you know her designs, you were of her council (to *Jul*) her adviser; where is she, hussy?

Jul. You would know of me, sir?

Alph. Of you, sir! Yes of you, sir; why what are you, sir?

Jul. Her servant, sir, her faithful servant.

Alph. Servant! her fiddle-stick, her lady fairy, to oil the doors o' nights, that they mayn't creak. Where is she, infamy?

Jul. 'Tis very well.

Alph. You lye, 'tis ill, damnable ill; and either confels, or-----

Jul. Indeed I won't.

Seb. Why?

Jul. Because I can't; if I could I'd give another reason.

Alph. Well said; but I shall deal with you, you slut you. What say you, thick-skull, which way did she get out! Why were not my doors shut?

(To the Porter)
Port.

Port. They were an't please you; nothing open but the key-hole.

Alph. Where did she lie; who lay with her?

Port. Not I, an't please you; I lay with Frederick in the flea-chamber.

Alph. Once more, of thee I demand her; tell me news of her, or expect----the devil and all.

[*To Julietta.*]

Cur. Come, Julietta, if you know any thing, tell him.-----

Jul. Look ye, sir, if I knew all, and had been intrusted by her, not all the devils, you could call upon, should scare one single hint from me. But, since I know nothing worth your knowing, I'll tell you what I do know. I know she's gone, because we can't find her. I know she's gone cunningly, because you can't find which way. I know she was weary of your tyranny, because the devil would have been so too. And I know, if she's wise, she'll never come again-----

Alph. Out of my doors.

Jul. That's all my poor petition. For were your house gold, and she not in't, I should think it but a cage to whistle in.

Alph. Jade; if she be above ground, I'll have her.-----

Jul. I'd live in a coal-pit then, if I were she.

Cur. Indeed, sir, I fancy she knows nothing of her flight; you know her mad way of talking.

Alph. Hang her, hang her, she knows too much.

Enter Servant drunk.

Well, rascal, have you any news of her?

Serv. N---N---Not a drop, sir: The butler gave me the key of the cellar, to search the cellar, sir; so I have been searching the cellar.

Alph. Here's a dog for you.

Serv. I search'd every hog'shead, sir, and open'd some bottles, but could not find a spoonful of her.

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Alph. You rascal, get you out of my reach, or I'll be thy murderer. [*Servant retires.*]

Enter another Servant that stammers.

Serv. S, S, S, S, Sir.

Alph. Well, what news? Be quick.

Serv. My yo, yo, yo, yo, young la-dy is gone---

Alph. I know she's gone, you dog; but where?

Serv. Out at the P-----

Alph. Out with't, you son of a whore-----

Serv. The Po, ho, ho, ho, ho, hostern gate of the ga, ha, ha, ha-----

Alph. This dog will make me mad; but one stammering rogue in the family, and it must fall to his share to give me an account of her. The wind's in the East too: the dog won't get it out this hour. Where was it, sirrah! where was it?

Serv. The ga--arden, sir, the ga--arden.

Alph. The garden, sir, the garden; was it so? And how do you know she got out of the garden, ha?

Serv. I f-----f----- saw, an't p, p, p, p, p-lease you, the p-----print of her fo, fo, fo, foot.

Alph. Right, a foot, a little foot, a young whore's foot?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Alph. And from thence scrambled over the wall into the park, and so to the devil?

Serv. So I sup, p, -pose, sir.---

[*Retires up.*]

Alph. 'Tis very well, ye stars, 'tis very well: this comes of indulgence, I must needs allow her the key of the garden, to walk on fast-days, and contemplate, with a pox: but I'll fetch her again, with a firebrand at her tail. My horses there.---

Cur. You'll give us leave to wait upon you?

Alph. That you may, if you please. My horse there; dispatch. Are you so hot: P'faith, I'll cool you, mistress: must you be jumping Joan? If I

C

catch

catch you again, I'll clap such a clog about your neck, you shall leap no more walls, I'll warrant you; I'll hang Roderigo there, I'faith. My horses, quick; and d'ye hear, keep me this young lirry poop within doors, fast; I shall discover dame——

[*Exeunt Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.*]

Stam. Serv. He's in the devil of a passion.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

Jul. Indeed you won't, discover sir. Well, love, if thou be'st with her; or whatever power else arms her resolution, conduſt her carefully, and keep her from this madman—Direct her to her wishes; dwell about her, let no diſhonourable end o'ertake her, danger or want; and let me try my fortune.——

SONG.

S O N G.

THIS hot pursuit,
With threats to boot,
Have little to alarm me,
So war I wage,
Defy his rage,
And brave whate'er may harm me.
He still may swear,
And stamp and stare,
I'll neither fear nor falter,
Whate'er may bind,
'Gainst woman's mind,
Will prove a rotten halter.

My mistress flown,
I'll soon be gone ;—
Old crusty says he'll tame her ;
For him she loves,
Abroad she roves
In truth I cannot blame her.

In varied shapes,
Through hair-breadth scapes,
Each way he tries to win her :
She scorns restraint,
And such a faint,
Would make e'en me a sinner.

Some trim disguise,
No doubt she tries,
I'll follow her example :
Of faith, of skill,
And wit at will,
I'll give 'em straight a sample.

So she and I
Will fairly try,
Whose trick or change can blind most ;
And since old Don,
You chuse to run,
The devil take the hindmost, [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

*A Forest and Cave.**Enter Roderigo, and Outlaws.**1st Out.* You are not merry, captain.*Rod.* Why, we get nothing, we have no sport: wenching and drinking spoil us; we keep no guard.*2d Out.* I'm sure there's neither merchant nor gentleman passes, but we have tribute.*Rod.* Yes, and while we spend that idly, we let those pass that carry the best booty: I'll have all search'd and brought in. Rogues and beggars have found the trick of late to become bankers. In short, gentlemen, I'll have none escape but my friends and neighbours, who may be useful in laying my innocence before the king: all others shall pay their passport.*2d Out.* You now speak like a captain; if we spare any, flea us, and coin our cassocks.*Rod.* You hear of no preparations the king intends against us?*1st Out.* Not a word; don't we see his garrisons?*Rod.* Who have we out now?*2d Out.* Good fellows, that, if there be any purchase stirring, won't slip it; Jaques and Lopez, lads that know their business.*Rod.* Where's the boy you brought in e'en now? He's a pretty lad, and of a quick capacity.——*1st Out.* He's within at meat, sir; the poor knave's hungry; yet he seasons all he eats or drinks, with tears.*2d Out.* He's young; 'tis fear and want of company.*Rod.*

Rod. Don't use him roughly, and he'll soon grow bolder. I intend to keep him to wait upon me; I like the boy; there's something in his face pleases me strangely; be sure you all use him gently.

1st Out. Here's a little box, sir, we took about him, which almost broke his heart to part with; I fancy there's something of value in it: I can't open it.

Rod. Alas! some little money, I warrant you, the poor knave carry'd to defray his charge; I'll give it him again.

Enter Jaques, Lopez, and Outlaws with Pedro.
How now! Who's this? What have you brought me here, soldiers?

Jaq. Why, truly, we don't well know; only he's a damn'd sullen fellow.

Rod. Where did you take him?

Lop. Upon the skirt of the wood, sauntering and peeping about, as if he were looking for the best access to our quarters: money he had enough; and when we threatened him, he smiled and yielded, but would not speak one word.

Rod. Pilgrim, come hither; are you a pilgrim, sir? A piece of pretty holiness; do you shrink, my master? A smug young saint this. What country were you born in, I pray? What, not a word? Had your mother this excellent virtue too? Sure, she was a matchless woman: what a blessed family this fellow sprung from! sure he was begot in a calm. Are your lips sealed, or do you scorn to answer? Look you, sir, you are in my hands; and I shall be too hard for you: put off his bonnet, soldiers. You have a speaking face, sir.

Lop. A handsome one, I'm sure; this pilgrim can't want the saints to pray to.

Rod. Stand nearer; ha?

Ped. Come, do your worst; I am ready.

Rod. Have you found your tongue then? Retire all, and let me talk with him alone; and keep your

guards strict. (*Exeunt all but Rod. and Ped.*) So, now, what art thou?

Ped. What am I? My habit shews me what I am.

Rod. A desperate fool; and so thy fate shall tell thee. What devil brought thee hither? For I know thee.

Ped. I know thou dost; and since it is my fortune to light into thy hands, I must conclude the most malicious of devils brought me; yet some men say thou art noble——

Rod. Not to thee; that were a benefit to mock the giver. Thy father hates my friends and family; and thou hast been the heir of all his malice: can two such storms then meet, and part without kissing;

Ped. You have the mightier hand.

Rod. And I'll use it.

Ped. I cannot hinder you; less can I beg submissive at his knees that knows no honour, that bears the stamp of man, and not his nature. You may do what you please.

Rod. I will do all.

Ped. I do expect thou wilt; for hadst thou been a noble enemy, thou wouldst have sought me whilst I carried arms, whilst my good sword was my profession, and then have cried out, Pedro, I defy thee; then stuck Alphonso's quarrel on thy point. But now, thou poorly, basely settest thy toils to catch me, and like the trembling peasant, that dares not meet the lion in the face, dig'st crafty pit-falls for the generous brute. Thou shame to Spanish honour.

Rod. Thy bravery is to thy habit due: that holy dress thou think'st will be thy sanctuary; thou wilt not find it so.

Ped. I look not for't: the more unhallow'd wretch howe'er art thou t'invade it.

Rod. When you were bravest, sir, and your sword sharpest, I durst affront you, you know I durst; when the court sun gilded you, and every cry was, The young hopeful Pedro, Alonso's sprightly son! then

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then I durst meet you, when you were master of this mighty fame, and all your glories in the full meridian. Had we then come to competition, which I often fought —

Ped. And I desired too.

Rod. You should have seen this sword and felt it too, sharper than sorrow felt it. Then like a gentleman I would have used thee, and given the fair fortune of thy cast: but since thou steal'st upon me like a spy, and thief-like think'st that holy case shall save thee, base as thy purposes thy end shall be. Soldiers, appear, and bring a halter with ye. I'll forgive your holy habit, sir, but I'll hang you.

Enter Lopez, Jaques, and Out-laws.

Jaq. Here's a halter, noble captain: what service have you for't?

Rod. That traitor has service for't: trusts him up.

Jaq. With all my heart; dy'e want a band, sir? I'll fit it to your collar immediately.

Lop. What's his fault, captain?

Rod. 'Tis my will, he perish; that's his fault.

Ped. A captain of good government; come, soldiers, come, you are roughly bred, and bloody; shew your obedience, and the joy you have in executing impious commands. You have a captain seals you liberal pardons; be no more christians, 'tis not in your way; put religion by, 'twill make you cowards. Feel no tenderness; nor let a thing, called conscience, trouble you. Bear no respect to what I seem; were I a saint indeed, why should that stagger ye? You know no holiness! to be excellent in evil is your goodness; and be so, 'twill become you; have no hearts, for fear you should repent, repentance will be dangerous.

Rod. Trusts up the preacher.

Ped. The racks of conscience are of dire importance; be therefore steady in your mischiefs; waver not.

Rod.

Rod. Up with him, I say.

Ped. Why do you not obey your chief? Come, this one daring stroke at heaven will make ye harden'd foldiers of iniquity.

Rod. What do the villains gaze at? Why am I not obey'd?

Jaq. What would you have us do?

Rod. Dispatch the babler —

Jaq. And have religious blood hang o'er our heads? we have sins enough already to make our graves loathe us.

Rod. I shall not be obey'd then?

Lop. Obey'd? I don't know; though I am a thief, I'm no hangman: they are two trades; I don't care to meddle with holy blood.

Rod. Holy, or unholy, I'll have it done.

Jaq. If I do't I'll be damned.

1st Out. Or I.

2d Out. Or I. We'll do any thing that's reasonable; but the devil would flinch at such a job.

Jaq. I have done as many villainies as another; and, tho' I say't, with as few qualms;—but I don't like this, it goes against my stomach.

Rod. Have ye then conspired, ye slaves?

Ped. Why art thou so disturb'd at their refusal; if 'tis my life alone thou want'st, why with thy own curst hand dost thou not take it? Thine's the revenge; be thine the glory.

Rod. 'Tis enough; I'll make ye all repent this stubbornness; nor will I yet be baffled. Let him not 'scape, I charge ye, on your lives. [*Exit Rod.*]

Jaq. What the devil have you done, pilgrim, to make him rave and rage thus? Have you kill'd his father, or his mother, or strangled any of his kindred?

Lop. Or has he no sisters? Han't you been busy about them?

Jaq. O' my conscience his quarrel to thee is not for being holier than he.

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Lop. Nor for seeming an honefter man ; for we have no trading here with fuch stuff. To be excellent thieves is all we aim at. Hark thee, pilgrim, wilt thou take a spit and stride, and try if thou canst outrun us ?

Ped. No, I scorn to shift his fury.

Jaq. Thou wilt be hanged then.

Ped. I cannot die with fewer faults about me.

Jaq. I fancy he'll shoot him ; for the devil's in's if he hang him himself.

Lop. No, he's too proud for that ; he'll make somebody do't : see here he comes again, and as full of rage as ever.

Jaq. He has got the boy with him ; sure he won't make him do't.

Lop. As like as not.

Enter Roderigo and Alinda.

Rod. Come, firrah, no wonders. Nay, don't stare, nor hang back ; do't, or I'll hang you, you young dog.

Alin. Alas, fir, what would you have me do ? Heaven's goodness shield me.

Rod. Do ? Why hang a rogue that would hang me.

Alin. I'm a boy, and weak ; pray excuse me.

Rod. Thou art strong enough to tie him to a bough, and turn him off. Come, be quick.

Alin. For Heaven's sake, fir.

Rod. Do you dispute, firrah ?

Alin. O, no, fir, I'll do the best I can. Which is the man, fir ?

Rod. That in the pilgrim's coat there ; that devil in the saints skin.

Alin. Guard me, ye powers.

Rod. Come, dispatch.

Ped. I wait thy worst.

Jaq.

Jaq. to Lop. Will the boy do it? Is the rogue so bold?

Lop. He shakes and trembles.

Ped. Dost thou seek more coals still to sear thy conscience? Work secret innocence to be a devil? Do it thyself, for shame: Thou best becomest it.

Rod. Thou art not worthy on't No, this child shall strangle thee. A crying girl, if she were here, should master thee:

Alin. How shall I save him? How myself from violence? (*Aside*) Are you prepared to die, sir?

Ped. Yes, boy: Prithee to thy business.

Jaq. The young dog begins to look as if he would do't in earnest:

Alin. If y're prepared, how can you be so angry, so perplexed? Heaven's won by patience, not by heat and passion.

Lop. The bastard will make a good priest.

Ped. I thank thee, gentle child, thou teachest rightly.

Alin. Methinks you seem to fear too.

Ped. Thou see'st more than I feel, boy.

Alin. You tremble sure.

Ped. No, boy, 'tis but thy tenderness; prithee make haste.

Alin. Are you so willing then to go?

Ped. Most willing. I would not borrow from his bounty one poor hour of life, to gain an age of glory.

Alin. And is your reckoning stated right with heaven?

Ped. As right as truth, boy; I could not go more joyful to a wedding.

Alin. Then to your prayers! I'll dispatch you presently.

Rod. A good boy; I'll reward thee well.

Alin. I thank you, sir; but pray allow me a short word in private. (*Roderigo signs to Outlaws who retire with Pedro.*)

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Now guide my tongue, ye blessed saints above.

(aside)

Rod. What wouldst thou have, child?

Alin. Must this man die?

Rod. Why dost thou ask that question?

Alin. Pray be not angry; if he must, I'll do it; but must he now?

Rod. What else; who dare reprieve him?

Alin. Pray think again; and as the injuries are great this man has done you, so suit your vengeance to e'm.

Rod. I do; 'tis therefore he must die—

Alin. A trifle.

Rod. What?

Alin. Death, if he die now.

Rod. Why, my best boy?

Alin. Is it revenge to saint your enemy? clap the dove's wings of downy peace upon him, and let him soar to heaven; Is this revenge?

Rod. Yet die he must.

Alin. Right; let him die, but not prepared to die. That were the blessing of a father on him; and all who know and love revenge would laugh at you. You see, thus fortified, he scorns your threats; despises all your tortures; smiles to behold your rage; so blind your view, that while you aim his hated soul to hell, you shoot it up to heaven. Shall he die now?

Lop. What has the boy done to him?

Jaq. How thoughtfully he looks!

Alin. Come, sir, you are wise, and have the world's regard; you are valiant too; see then your valour honoured. 'Twill be a stain to both, indeed it will, to have it said, you have given your fury leave to prey on a poor passive wayward pilgrim.

Rod. The boy has shaken me: What wouldst thou have me do?

Alin. Alas! sir, do you ask a child? But since you do, I'll say the best I know. I'd have you then do

do bravely, scorn him and let him go. You have made him tremble, now seal his pardon; and when he appears a subject fit for anger, fit for you, his pious armour off, his hopes no higher than your sword may reach, then strike the noble blow. I hope I have turn'd him. (*Aside.*)

Rod. Here; let the fool go. I scorn his life too much to take it from him. But if we meet again.—

Ped. I thank ye, sir.

Rod. No more: Be gone. [*Exit Pedro.*]

Alin. Why this was greatly done, most noble. But whither is he gone! O, shall we never meet happy? (*aside*)

Rod. Come, boy, thou shalt retire with me; I love thy company: Thou hast a pleasing tongue; come with me, child.

Alin. I'll wait upon ye, sir.—O! Pedro. (*aside.*)
[*Exeunt Roderigo and Alinda.*]

Lop. The boy has don't; he has saved the pilgrim. A cunning young rogue; I shall love him fort heartily.

Jaq. And so shall I. But the knave's so good, I'm afraid he'll ruin us, he'll make us all honest.

1st Out. Marry, heaven forbid.

2d Out. He'll find that a harder task than to save the pilgrim.

Lop. That I believe: But come, gentlemen, let's to supper; we'll drink the boy's health, and so about our business, [*Exeunt.*]

End of Act II.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E II.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Roderigo, Jaquez, Lopez, and Outlaws.

TIS strange none of you should know her.

Jaq. Alas! we never saw her, nor heard of her but from you.

Lop. I don't think 'twas she; methinks a woman should not dare —

Rod. Thou speak'st thou know'st not what; what dare not woman when she is provoked? That it is she, these jewels here confirm me; for part of them I myself sent her, which (tho' against her will) her father forced her to accept and wear.

Lop. 'Tis very strange, a wench, and we not know it; I used to have a better nose.

Jaq. But what could be her business here?

Rod. That's what distracts me. O that canting pilgrim, that villain Pedro! There lies my torture. How cunningly she pleaded for him! How artfully she saved him! Death and torments, had ye been true to me, I ne'er had suffered this.

Jaq. Why you might have hang'd him if you would; and would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't, so we had not don't.

Rod. But where is she now? What care have ye had of that? Why have ye let her go, to despise and laugh at me?

D

Lop.

Lop. The devil that brought her hither, has carried her back again, I think; for none of tis saw her go.

Jaq. No living thing came this night through our watches. You know she went with you.

Rod. And was by me, till I fell asleep: but when I waked and called, was gone. Curse on my dullness, why did I not open this? This would have told me all.

Enter Alphonso and Outlaws.

Alph. Prithee bring me to thy captain, where's thy captain, fellow? Oh, I am foundered, I am melted; the devil has enticed me with the voice of a wench. Where's thy captain, fellow?

1st Out. Here, sir, there he stands.

Alph. O captain, how dost thou, captain? I have been fool'd, bubbled, made an ass on; my daughter's run away; I have been haunted too; have lost my horse, am starved for want of meat, and out of my wits.

Rod. I'm sorry, sir, to see you engaged in so many misfortunes: But pray walk in, refresh yourself, and I'll inform you what has happened here; but I'll recover your daughter, or lose my life.

Alph. My daughter be damned. Order me drink enough; I'm almost choaked.

Rod. You shall have any thing.

[*Exit Alph.*

What think you now, soldiers?

Jaq. I think a woman's a woman; that's all.

[*Exit Rod.*

Lop. And I think the next boy we take, we should search him a little nearer.

[*Exeunt.*

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Enter Julietta.

Jul. This is Roderigo's quarter; my old master's gone in here, and I'll be with him soon; I'll startle him a little better than I have done. All this long night have I led him out of the way, to try his patience. I have made him swear and curse, and pray and curse again; I have made him lose his horse too, whistled him through thick and thin. Down in a ditch I had him; there he lay bellowing, till I called him out to guide his nose up into a furze bush. Ten thousand tricks I have played him, and ten thousand will add to them, before I have done with him. I'll reach him to plague poor young women. But all this while I can't meet with my dear mistress. I'm cruelly afraid she should be in distress: would I could come to comfort her: But till I do, I'll haunt thy ghost, Alphonso; I will, old crab-tree. He shan't sleep; I'll get a drum for him, I'll frighten him out of his wits; I have such a hurricane in my head I have almost lost my own already; and I'm resolved I won't be mad alone. When a woman sets upon playing the devil, 'twere a shame she should not do't to the purpose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

*Another Part of the Forest.**Enter Seberto and Curio.*

Seb. 'Tis strange, in all the tour we have made, we should have no news at all of her.

Cur. I can't think she's got so far.

Seb. She's certainly disguised; her modesty would never venture in her own shape.

Cur. Let her take any shape, I'm sure I could distinguish her.

Seb. So could I, I think. Has not her father found her?

Cur. Not he, he's so wild he would not know her, if he met her.

Seb. I hope he would not; for 'tis pity she should fall into his hands. But where are we, Curio?

Cur. In a wood, I think; hang me if I know else: And yet I have ridden all these coasts, and at all hours.

Seb. I wish we had a guide.

Cur. If I am not much mistaken, Seberto, we are not far from Roderigo's quarters. I think it is in this thicket he and his Outlaws harbour.

Seb. Then we are where Alphonso appointed to meet us.

Cur. I believe we are; would we could meet some living thing to inform us.

Seb. What's that there?

Cur. A boy, I think; stay, why may not he direct us?

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Enter Alinda.

Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, almost spent, yet cannot find him; keep me in my wits, good heaven! O my head.

Seb. Hey, boy, dost hear, thou stripling?

Alin. O my fears, some of Roderigo's wicked crew. If I am carried back to him, I then indeed am wretched.

Cur. Dost know what place this is, child?

Alin. No, indeed, sir, not I. O my bones!

Seb. What dost thou complain for, boy? A very pretty lad this.

Cur. What's the matter with thee, child?

Alin. Alas, sir, I was going to Segovia, to see my sick mother, and here I have been taken, robbed and beaten by drunken thieves. O my head!

Seb. What rogues are these to use a poor boy thus! look up, child, be of good cheer, hold up thy head.

Alin. O I cannot, it hurts me if I do; they have given me a great blow on the neck.

Cur. What thieves are they, dost know?

Alin. They call the captain Roderigo. O dear, O dear.

Cur. Look you there; I knew we were thereabouts.

Seb. Dost thou want any thing?

Alin. Nothing but ease, sir.

Cur. There's some money for thee, however, and get thee to thy mother.

Alin. I thank ye, gentlemen; pray heaven bless ye

Seb. Come, let's along, we can't lose our way now.

[Exeunt Sebarto and Curio.]

Alin. I'm glad you are gone, gentlemen; I know you are honest men, but I don't know whether you are on my side upon this occasion: Lord, how I

tremble, send me but once into Pedro's arms, dear fortune, and then come what will——Which way shall I go, or what shall I do? 'tis almost night again, and I know not where to get either meat or lodging. These wild woods, and the various fancies that possess my brain, will run me mad. Hey ho!

Enter Juletta, with a drum.

Jul. Boy! boy!

Alin. More set to take me.

Jul. Dost hear, boy? A word with thee.

Alin. 'Tis a boy too, I can deal with him,

Jul. Hark ye, young man; can you beat a drum?

Alin. A drum!

Jul. A drum! ay, a drum; didst never see a drum mun? Prithee try if thou canst make it grumble.

Alin. (*Aside.*) Juletta's face and tongue; is she run mad too? Or is there some design in this? I'm jealous of every thing.

Jul. I'll give thee a ryal, but to go along with me to-night, and hurry durry this a little.

Alin. I care not for your ryal nor you neither, I have other business; prithee drum to thyself and dance to't.

Jul. Why, how now, you saucy young dog you! I have a good mind to lay down my drum, and take ye a slap o'er the face.

Alin. Hark, here comes more company, I shall be taken at last. Heaven shield me! [*Exit.*]

Jul. Basto! who's there?

Enter Roderigo, Lopez, and Outlaws.

Lop. Do you need me any farther, captain?

Rod. No, not a foot: give me the sword.

Jul.

Jul. This is the devil thief; and if he take me, woe be to my little gaskins. [*Aside.*]

Lop. Certainly, sir, she'll change her habit.

Rod. Let her do what she will, she can't again deceive me. No, no, Alinda, 'tis not the habit of a boy can twice delude me.

Jul. A boy, what a dull jade have I been! [*Aside.*]

Rod. If she be found i'th' woods, send me word presently, and I'll return; she can't be got far. If you don't find her, expect me——when you see me. No more; farewell.

[*Exeunt Rod. and Outlaws separately.*]

Jul. I'm very glad thou art gone. This boy was the boy I talk'd to: the very same, how hastily it shifted me! what a mop-ey'd ass was I, I could not know her. It must be she; 'tis she: now I remember, how loth she was to talk; how shy she was of me. I'll follow her; but who shall plague her farther there? No, I must not quit him yet: I must have one flirt more at him, and then for the voyage. Come, drum, make ready. Thou must do me service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Jaquez, and Outlaws.

Jaq. Are they all set?

1st Out. All, and each quarter's quiet.

Jaq. Is old Alphonso asleep?

1st Out. An hour ago.

Jaq. We must be very careful in our captain's absence.

1st Out. It concerns us, he won't be long from us
——[*drum beats.*] Hark!——

Jaq.

Jaq. What!

1st Out. A drum.

Jaq. The devil!

1st Out. 'Tis not the wind, sure.

Jaq. No, that's still and calm—*(drum again.)* Hark, again.

1st Out. Tat, tat.

Jaq. It comes nearer: we are surprized; 'tis by the King's command; we are all dead men.

(A charge by drum.)

1st Out. Hark, hark, a charge now. Our captain has betray'd us all.

Jaq. This comes of love. Poverty, a scolding wife, and ten daughters be his recompence.

Enter Lopez, and Outlaws.

Lop. D'ye hear the drum?

Jaq. Yes, we do hear it.

[Drum again.]

1st Out. Hatk, another on that side.

Enter third Outlaw.

3d Out. Fly, fly, fly! we are all taken, we are all taken! A thousand horse and foot, a thousand pioneers and every man a halter by his side.

Lop. A dismal night, companions! What's to be done?

Jaq. Every man shift for himself. *(Drum again.)*
[Exeunt severally.]

Enter Alphonso, and an Outlaw.

Alph. Ay, marry, sir, where's my horse now? What a plague did I do amongst these rogues? Is there ne'er a hole to creep into? I shall be taken for their captain, and out of respect to my pott, be hanged up first. A plague of all ceremonies, cry I: What will become of me? I must be a daughter-hunting,

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hunting, with a plague to me: Lord! Lord! that a foolish young jade should lead a wise old rogue into so much mischief. But hark; hark, I say: ay, here they come. That I had but the strumpet here now, to find 'em a little play while I made my escape.—

Enter Seberto, Curio, and Outlaws.

Seb. What do you fear? What do you run from? Here are no soldiers, nobody from the King to attack you: are you all mad?

Lop. Ay, but the drum; the drum, sir, did not you hear the drum?

Cur. I never saw such pigeon hearted rogues; what drum, you fools? What danger? Who's that stands shaking there behind, enough to infect a whole army with cowardice. Mercy on me, sir, is't you? What is't that frights you thus?

Alph. Are there any hopes; do ye think I could buy my pardon?

Seb. What is't that has frightened you thus out of your senses! Here's no danger near you: a drum I heard indeed, and saw it, a boy was beating it; hunting squirrels by moon-light.

Cur. Nothing else, upon my word, sir.

Alph. That rogue, the very boy, no doubt on't, that haunted me all last night. I wish I had him, he has plagued my heart out. But come, let's go in, and let me get on my cloaths; if I stay here any longer to be martyr'd thus, I'll beget another daughter. Where is that jewel? Have you met her yet?

Seb. No; we have no news of her.

Alph. Then I can tell you some; she has been here in boy's cloaths, she has truss'd up her modesty in a pair of breeches. There has been a pilgrim with her too. I suppose the game's almost up by this time.

Cur. A young boy we met, sir.

Alph.

Alph. Drest in blue?

Cur. Drest in blue.

Alph. The strumpet.

Cur. Impossible?

Alph. True——in the literal sense.

Seb. 'Tis wonderful we should not know her.

Alph. Damn her; that's all. Come get me some wine, a great deal; this halter makes me keckle in the throat still. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Chamber in a Madhouse.

Enter Keepers.

1st Keep. Carry mad Bess some meat, she roars like thunder. And tie the parson short. Who looks to the 'prentice? Keep him from women; 'twill run him horn-mad.

2d Keep. The justice keeps such a flir yonder with his charges, and such a coil with his warrants.

1st Keep. Take away his statutes; the devil has possessed him in the likeness of penal laws. How is't with the scholar?

2d Keep. For any thing I see he is in's right wits.

1st Keep. Thou art an ass; his head's too full of other people's wits, to leave room for his own. But come, let's away and serve 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Cells in the Mad-house.*

Enter Keepers, and mad Englishman.

Engl. Give me some drink.

1st Keep. O ho! here's the Englishman.

Engl. Fill me a thousand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em; down o' your knees, you rogues, and pledge me roundly;

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roundly ; one, two, three—and four. To the great Turk, I'm his friend and will prefer him ; he shall quit his crown and——be a tapster.

1st Keep. Peace, thou heathenish drunkard, peace for shame. These English are malt-mad ; when they have a fruitful year of barley, the whole Island's thus.

Engl. Who talks of barley ? My drink's snall ; down with the malt-tax. Huzza. Who's that ? An exciseman ? The devil.

Enter a She-fool.

Fool. Give you good even, Gaffer. Will ye walk into the coal-houle, Gaffer ?

1st Keep. Who a vengeance looks to her ? Go in, Kate, go in, and I'll give thee a fine apple.

Fool. Will you buss me, and play with me, and make me laugh.

1st Keep. I'll scourge you, hussy.

Engl. Fool, fool, come to me, fool.

Fool. And shall I have a coach ?

Engl. Drawn with four turkies.

Fool. Turkies ! O dear me ! we shall have eggs then.

Engl. Ay, ay, and they shall be all addle, and make a tanzey for the devil. Come, come away, fool.

1st Keep. Here comes my master. Away with 'em both. [*Exeunt Keep. with the madman and fool.*]

Enter Master, two Gentlemen and Mad Scholar.

1st Gen. I'll assure you, sir, the cardinal's angry with you for keeping this young man.

Maſt. I'm heartily sorry, sir : If you allow him sound, pray take him with you.

2d Gen. We can find nothing in him light nor tainted ; no starts, no rubs in all his answers : His letters too are full of discretion, learning, and in a handsome stile.

Maſt. Don't be deceived, sir, mark but his look.

1st Gent.

1st Gen. His grief and his imprisonment may stamp that there.

Mast. Pray talk with him again then.

2d Gen. That will be needless, we have tried him long enough; and if he had a taint, we should have met with't. You find no sickness?

Scho. None, sir, I thank heaven; nor nothing that disturbs my understanding.

1st Gen. Do you sleep a nights?

Scho. Perfectly sound and sweet.

2d Gen. Have you no fearful dreams?

Scho. Sometimes, as all have who go to bed with raw and windy stomachs.

1st Gen. Is there no unkindness you have received from any friend, or parent? or scorn from what you loved?

Scho. No, truly, sir, I have not yet seen villainy enough to make me doubt the truth of friend or kindred—and what love is, unless it lie in learning, I am ignorant.

1st Gen. This man is perfect; I never met with one that talk'd more regularly.

Mast. You'll find it otherwise.

2d Gen. I must tell you plainly, sir, I think you keep him here to make him mad; but here's his discharge from my lord cardinal. Come, sir, you are now at liberty to go with us.

Scho. I thank ye gentlemen. Master, farewell.

Mast. Farewel, Stephano. Alas! poor man.

1st Gen. What flaws and gusts of weather we have had these three days! How dark and hot it is! The sky is full of mutiny.

2d Gen. Strange work at sea, I doubt.

1st Gen. Bless my old uncle's bark, I have a venture in't.

2d Gen. And so have I, more than I'd wish to lose; I'm in some fear?

Scho. Do you fear?

2d Gen. Mercy on me, how he stares!

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Maſt. Now tell me how you like him? What think ye of him for a ſober man now?

Scho. Does the ſea ſtagger ye? Do ye fear the billows?

1^{ſt} Gent. What ails him? who has ſtirr'd him?

Scho. Be not ſhaken: Let the ſtorm riſe; let it blow on, blow on: Let the clouds wreſtle, and let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous. The ſea in hideous mountains riſe, and tumble upon a dolphin's I'll make all ſhake, for I am Neptune.

Maſt. Now, what think you of him?

2^d Gent. Alas, poor man!

Scho. Your bark ſhall plough through all, and not a ſurge ſo ſaucy to diſturb her: I'll ſee her fail; my power ſhall fail before her—

Down, ye angry waters all,

Ye loud whiſtling whirlwinds, fall.

Down, ye proud waves; ye ſtorms, ceaſe,

I command ye be at peace;

Fright not with your churliſh notes,

Nor bruife the keel of bark that floats.

No devouring fiſh come nigh,

Nor monſter in my empery

Once ſhew his head, or terror bring;

But let the weary ſailor ſing.

Amphitrite, with white arms,

Strike me lute; I'll ſing charms.

Maſt. Now he muſt have muſick; then he'll go in quietly of himſelf, and clean forget all. [*ſoft muſick*]

(*Exeunt ſeverally.*)

End of *Act III.*

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Country near Segovia.**Enter Alphonso, and a Gentleman.**Juletta follows 'em unseen.*

Gen. YOU are now within a mile o'th' town, sir; if my business would give me leave, I'd guide ye farther. But for such gentlemen as you enquire for, I have seen none. The boy you describe, or one much like it, was sent in t'other night a little maddish, and now is in the house appointed for such cures.

Alph. 'Tis very well, I thank ye, sir.

Jul. (aside) And so do I: for if there be such a place, I ask no more. You shall hear of me, i'faith, old gentleman; I'll follow you there, too, as tired as I am; and make ye kick and roar before I have done with you. I'll teach you to haunt mad-houses.

Alph. (aside) It must be she. 'Tis very well: Is your blood so hot, i'faith, my minx? I'll have ye madded, I'll have ye worm'd.

Gent. Here's one belongs to the very house, sir; 'tis a poor idiot, but she'll shew you the way as well as a wiser body. So, sir, I leave you.

Alph. Your servant. (*Exit Gent.*)

Here, fool, a word with thee fool.

Enter Alinda, as the She-fool

Alin. O, I am lost! 'Tis my father in all his rage.
[*aside*]

Alph.

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Alph. Hark thee, fool.

Alin. He does not know me ; heaven grant I may deceive him still ! (*aside*) Will ye give me two-pence, Gaffer, and here's a crow-flower, and a daisy ; I have some pye in my pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant fool, a meer changeling.

Alin. Think so, and I am happy. (*aside*)

Alph. Dost thou dwell in Segovia, fool ?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in heaven ; and I have a fine house made of marmalade ; and I am a lone woman, and I spin for St. Peter. I have a hundred little children, and they sing psalms with me.

Alph. A very pretty conversation I am falling into here, especially for a man in a passion. Canst thou tell me if this be the way to the town ?

Alin. Yes, yes, you must go over the top of that high steeple, Gaffer.

Alph. A plague of your fool's face.

Jul. [*aside*] No ; take her counsel, do.

Alin. And then you shall come to a river, Gaffer, twenty miles over, and twenty miles and ten ; and then you must pray, Gaffer, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray, and pray.

Alph. Pray heaven deliver me from such an afs as thou art.

Alin. Amen, sweet Gaffer ; and then you must leap in naked.

Jul. (*aside*) Wou'd to heav'n he wou'd take her counsel.

Alin. And sink seven days together. Can ye sink, Gaffer ?

Alph. Plague on thee, and a plague o'that fool that left me to thee. (*Exit Alph.*)

Alin. God be wi'ye, nuncle.

Jul. How I rejoice in any thing that vexes him ! I shall love this fool as long as I live, for putting her hand to the plough. Could I but see my mistress now, to tell her how I have laboured for her ; how I have worn myself away in her service ;—Well sure I shall find her at last.

Alin. (aside) 'Tis Julietta.---Sure she's honest; yet I dare not discover myself to her.

Jul. Here, fool, here's something for thee to buy apples, for the sport thou hast made in crossing thy nuncle.

Alin. Thank ye, little gentleman; pray keep this nutmeg; 'twas sent me from the lady of the mountain, a golden lady.

Jul. How prettily it prattles!

Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your understanding; and so good night; the moon's up.

Jul. Pretty innocence!

Alin. (aside) Now, fortune, if thou darest do good, protect me. *[Exit Alinda.]*

Jul. I'll follow him to the town; he shan't escape me.---Let me see---I must counterfeit a letter, a letter of authority for him--Yes, 'twill do; certainly do. How I shall make his old blood boil! rare sport, i'faith! but what i'th' name of innocence has this fool given me? she said 'twas good to rub my understanding---Hah! a ring! a right one! a ring I know too!----The very same----A ring my mistress took from me, and wore it; I know it by the poesy. None could deliver this but she herself. 'Twas she---Curse o'my sand blind eyes--Twice deceived! twice so near the blessing I am seeking! what shall I do? Here are so many cross ways, 'tis in vain to follow her--I hope, however, for all her dress, she's in her senses still, for sure she knew me.---Well, to divert my melancholy, 'till I can meet her again, I'll e'en go and plague the old fellow a little more: *[Exit Julietta.]*

SCENE

SCENE II. A Wood.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She's not to be recover'd; and which doubles my torment, he's got beyond my vengeance. How they laugh at me!—Look to't, my young deceiver; we shall meet, which when we do, not all the tears and cries of trembling chastity shall save thee.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that Pedro? 'Tis he; 'tis he.——Oh my——

Rod. What art thou?

Alin. Hah!——Oh! I'm miserable. (*aside.*)

Rod. What the devil art thou?

Alin. (*aside.*) No end of my misfortunes? Heav'ns! that habit to betray me! ye holy powers, can ye see that? Do yourselves justice, and protect me.

Rod. Hey-day! the devil in a fool's coat! Is he turn'd changeling? Is't not a fairy? It has a mortal face. But if it should prove the devil!——

Alin. Come hither, my dear.

Rod. It's a handsome thing. What's that it points at?

Alin. Dost thou see that star there? That just above the sun? Prithee go thither, and light me this tobacco, and stop it with the horns of the moon.

Rod. The Thing's mad, quite mad. Go sleep, fool, go sleep.

Alin. Thou canst not sleep so quietly; for I can say my prayers, and then slumber.

I am not proud, nor full of wine;
This little flow'r will make me fine:

Cruel in heart, for I will cry
 If I see a sparrow die.
 I am not watchful to do ill,
 Nor glorious to pursue it still;
 Nor pitiless to those that weep,
 Such as are, bid them go sleep.

Do, do, do; and see if they can.

Rod. It said true. Its words sink into me.
 Sure 'tis a kind of sybil; some mad prophet. I feel
 my fury bound and fetter'd in me.

Alin. Give me your hand, and I'll tell you your
 fortune.

Rod. Here, prithee do.

Alin. Fie! fie! fie! fie! fie! Wash your hands
 and pare your nails, and look finely, you shall never
 kiss the king's daughter else.

Rod. I wash 'em daily.

Alin. But foul 'em faster.

Rod. (*aside*) This goes nearer me.

Alin. You shall have two wives.

Rod. Two wives!

Alin. Yes; two fine gentlewomen. Make much
 of 'em, for they'll stick close to you, sir, And these
 two in two days, sir.

Rod. That's a fine riddle!

Alin. To-day you shall wed sorrow, and repen-
 tance will come to-morrow.

Rod. Sure she's inspired.

Alin. I'll bid you a good even; for my boat stays
 for me, and I must sup with the moon to-night in
 the Mediterranean. [*Exit Alinda.*]

Rod. Can fools and mad-folks then be tutors to
 me? Can they feel my sores, yet I insensible? Sure
 this was sent by providence to steer me right. I'm
 wondrous weary; my thoughts too, they are tired,
 which adds a weighty burden to me. I have done
 ill; I have pursued it too; nay, still run on. I
 must think better; be something else or nothing.

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Still I grow heavier. A little rest would help me ;
I'll try if I can take it ; and heaven's goodness guard
me. [*Lies down.*]

Enter several Peasants.

1st Pea. We have 'scaped to-day well. If the
Outlaws had known we had been stirring, we had
paid for't, neighbours.

2d Pea. A murrain take 'em, they have robb'd
me thrice.

3d Pea. Me five times, my daughter fifty ; tho'
to give them their due, they ne'er take any thing
from her ; but what she can very well spare.

2d Pea. Ah ! my poor wife has been in their hands
too : but, to say the truth, I don't find she has lost
much neither.

1st Pea. For my part, I ought not to complain,
for I have got three children by 'em.

2d Pea. Would we had some of 'em here, to thank
'em, for their kindnesses.

3d Pea. So we were strong enough, I dont care
if we had.

2d Pea. What's that lies there ?

1st Pea. An old woman that keeps sheep here
abouts.

3d Pea. And a sword by her side to keep the
wolves off ?—Hah ! captain Roderigo, or the de-
vil.—Stand to your arms, gentlemen, 'tis he.

1st Pea. Speak softly.

2d Pea. Now's our time.

3d Pea. Stay, stay, let's be provident. Shall we
wake him before we kill him, or after ?

2d Pea. Let me kill my share of him before he
wakes.

1st Pea. Let me have the first blow ; he robb'd
me last.

2d Pea. No, I ought to have the first ; he cuck-
olded me last.

3d Pea.

3d *Pea.* Hold, hold; no civil wars, dy'e hear?
Beat his brains out between ye——And then I'll pick
his pockets. (*aside.*)

2d *Pea.* Draw your knives, and every man seize
a limb.

Omn. Huzza.

Rod. Slaves! villains! will ye murder me?

1st *Pea.* No, no; we'll only tickle you a little.
Dy'e remember Joan, captain? I'll spoil you for a
cuckold-maker.

Rod. For heaven's sake! as ye are men as y'are
christians.

1st *Pea.* Neither man nor christian, upon this
occasion; but a cuckold with my knife in my
hand.

Rod. Murder! murder!

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Off, ye inhuman slaves!——Nay, then
have among ye,

Omn. Away, away, away. [*Exeunt Peasants.*]

Ped. Villains! use violence to that habit!

Rod. Pedro!——Nay, then I am more wretch-
ed than ever. (*aside.*)

Ped. Hah! Roderigo!——What makes h'm here
thus clad? Is it repentance, or a disguise for mis-
chief? (*aside.*)

Rod. To owe my life to him makes me all con-
fusion. (*aside.*)

Ped. You are not much hurt, sir?

Rod. No——All I can call a wound, is in my
conscience. (*aside.*)

Ped. Have ye consider'd the nature of these men,
and how they have used you? Was it well?

Rod. (*aside.*) I cannot speak, for I have nought to
answer.

Ped. Did it look noble to be o'erlaid with odds?
Did it seem manly in a multitude to oppress you?

If

If it be base in wretches low like these, what must it be in one that's born like you? Ah, Roderigo! had I abandon'd honesty, religion, broke through the bonds of honour and humanity, I had set as small a price upon thy life, as thou didst lately upon mine: but I reserve thee to a nobler vengeance.

Rod. I thank ye; you have the nobler soul, I must confess it; and of your passions are a greater master. Th' example's glorious, and I wish to follow it. There is a stain of infamy about me, and the dye is deep; yet possibly occasion may present, that I may wash it off.

Ped. I'll give you one, a noble one, I think. We have a quarrel, we've a mistress too. We are single, and our arms alike. In one fair risque of life let all determine, our rancour past, and happiness to come.

Rod. (*aside.*) His virtue staggers me.—I dare fight, Pedro.

Ped. I do believe you dare: or, if you wanted courage, the beauteous prize, for which we now contend, would rouse you to't.

Rod. Hah!

Ped. If you deserve her, draw.

Rod. I do not, nor such a noble enemy: I therefore will not draw.

Ped. I could compel you to't, but would not willingly.

Rod. You cannot, to increase my guilt: the load's already more than I can bear; I wo'not add to't.

Ped. Poor evasion.

Rod. Thou wrong'st me; much thou wrong'st me, time will convince thee on't. I'll satisfy thee any way but this. I have been wicked, but cannot be a monster. My sword refuses to attempt the man that preserv'd me. Its temper starts at thy virtue.

tue. If thou wilt have me fight give me an enemy, for thou art nane.

Ped. I'm more; for I'm thy rival.

Rod. That is not in thy power: for I no more am thine. No, Pedro; the wrongs I've done myself and thee, let that fair saint atone for: there's nothing more I or the world can give; and nothing less can expiate my crimes, or recompense thy virtue.

Ped. Is't possible thou canst be such a penitent!

Rod. I am most truly such; and lest I should relapse again to hell, forget the debt I owe to thee and heav'n; this sacred habit, I have profaned, shall henceforth be my faithful monitor.

Ped. Noble Roderigo, how glorious is this change! Let me embrace thee.

Rod. Thou great example of humanity, dost thou forgive me?

Ped. I do; with joy I do.

Rod. Then I am happy.—All I have more to ask, is, leave to attend you in your present difficulties; that, by such service as I have power to render, I may confirm you, I am what I seem.

Ped. There needs no further proof: however, in hopes I doubly may return those services, I'll not refuse 'em. [Exit.

SCENE III. A Chamber in the Mad-house.

Enter Alphonso and Master.

Mastr. Yes, sir, here are such people! but how pleasing they may be to you, I can't tell.

Alph. That's not your concern; I desire to see 'em, to see 'em all.

Mastr. All? They are nothing but confusion, mere noise.

Alph.

Alph. May be I love noise!----But hark ye, sir; have ye no boys, handsome young boys?

Maft. One, sir, we have; a very handsome boy.

Alph. Long here?

Maft. But two days: A little crazed, but may recover.

Alph. That boy, I would see that boy, perhaps I know him.---(*aside*) This is the boy he told me of; it must be she----The boy, master, I beseech ye, the boy.

Maft. Well, well, sir, have a little patience, come with me and you shall see him.

Alph. Ay, ay, the boy! the boy! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Cells in the Madhouse.

Enter Keepers, and She-Fool in Alinda's Clothes, meeting Alphonso and Master.

1st Keep. Huffy! who did this for you?

Maft. Where's the boy, you flut you? where's the boy?

Fool. The boy's gone a maying; he'll bring me home a cuckoo's nest. He gave me these trim clothes too, and put 'em on he did.

Alph. Is this the boy you'd shew me?

Fool. I'll give you two-pence, master.

Alph. Am I fool'd on all sides? I met a fool in the wood in a long pied coat; they said she dwelt here.

Maft. That was the very boy, sir.

Fool. Ay, ay, ay; I gave him leave to play, forthwith; he'll come again to-morrow. [*Retires.*]

Alph. Plague o' your fools and bedlams; plague o' your owls and apes.

Maft.

Maſt. Pray, ſir, be moderate; ſuch accidents will happen ſometimes, take what care we can.

Alph. Damn accidents! you are a juggler, and I'm abuſed.

Maſt. Indeed, ſir, you are not.

Alph. It's falſe; I am abuſed, and I will be abuſed, whether you will or no, ſir. Who lies here?

1ſt Keep. Pray don't diſturb 'em, ſir; there lie ſuch youths will make you ſtart, if they begin to dance.

Alaſt. Hark!

Alph. Hey boys!

Enter Engliſh Madman.

Engl. Bounce: clap her o'th' ſtarboard. Bounce: top the can. Bounce: 'twixt wind and water: laden with Mackerel!—Oh brave meat!

Alph. Brave ſport, i'faith!

Engl. I'll drink up all. Bounce I ſay once more—O ho! have I ſplit your mizen? Blow, blow, thou weſt-wind; blow till thou riſe, and make the ſea run roaring; ---I'll hiſs it down again with a bottle of ale.

Alph. Mad gallants, mad gallants, i'faith; I love their fancies, I never fell into better company in my life.

Enter mad Taylor.

Tay. Who's that?—The King of Spades? I'll make him a new mantle.

Alph. Hey day: a mad taylor too! What the pox made thee mad?

Tay. Cabbage——Snip goes the ſheers——and the coat's never the ſhorter.

Alph.

Alph. Thour't a brave fellow, and sha't make me a new doublet.

Tay. For thy coronation---I'll do't; but money down; dost hear? money down. The King of Spades is a courtier---Money down---ay, and cabbage too.

Alph. Well, well, thou shalt have cabbage and beef too. [Exit Taylor.]

Engl. Who talks of beef?---'tis mine by Magna Charta---Beef! ye gods, beef!---I'll have that ox for supper---knock him down---Chines! furloins! ribs! and rounds! -----Lead me to the French camp-----They fly! they fly! they fly! they fly! huzza! [Exit.]

Alph. P'gad I'll see him in's lodging; I have a mind to sup with him. He seems as if he'd be rare company over a bottle. [Exit.]

Enter Julietta.

Jul. (aside) He's in, and now have at him---Are you the master, sir?

Mast. Yes. What do you want?

Jul. I have a business from the duke of Medina. Is there not an old gentleman come lately here?

Mast. Yes; and a mad one too; but he's no prisoner.

Jul. There's a letter; pray read it-----(*aside*) I shall be with you now, i'faith, my old master; I'll route your blood now to the purpose: I'll teach ye to plague poor young women, ye old put*you.

Mast. This letter says the gentleman is lunatic: I half suspected it.

Jul. 'Tis but too true, sir: and such pranks he has play'd -----

Mast. The duke's in haste, I find, for his recovery; for he bids me spare no correction.

Jul. He directed me to say the same thing to you.

F

Pray,

Pray, sir, have no regard to his age or quality: but since 'tis for his good, strap him soundly.

Mast. Pray how did you get him hither?

Jul. By a train I laid for him; he's in love with a boy you must know; there lies his crack.

Mast. He came hither to seek one.

Jul. Yes, I sent him. We should never have got him here by force.

Mast. Here was a boy last night.

Jul. He did not see him, did he?

Mast. No.

Jul. So much the better. Pray, sir, look well to your charge; I must see him lodged before I go; the Duke ordered me. I fancy you'll find him very rough.

Mast. We can be as rough as he, I'll warrant him.

Jul. See, here he comes———(*aside*) O how it tickles me!

Enter Alphonso and second Keeper.

Alph. What dost thou talk to me of noises? I'll have more noise; I love noise. I'll have 'em all loose together. Your master has let my boy loose, and I'll do as much by his.

2d Keep. Will you go out, and not make disturbances here?

Alph. I won't go out, you rascal; I'll have 'em all out with me. There's nobody mad here, but thee and thy master.—(*Irons shake.*) Hey, brave boys! mad boys! mad boys!

Jul. Do you perceive him now?

Mast. Sir, pray will you make less stir, and see your chamber?

Alph. Ha!

Mast. Come, sir, will you retire quietly to your chamber?

Mast.

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Alph. My chamber! what dost thou mean by my chamber? Where's the boy, you blockhead you?

Mast. Look ye, sir, we are people of few words here; either go quietly to your chamber, or we shall carry you there with a witness.

Alph. A strange fellow this!--And what chamber is't thou wouldst have me go quietly to?

Mast. A chamber the Duke has ordered for you within, you shall be well lodged, don't fear.

Alph. The Duke! what, what, what hast thou got in thy head? What Duke, monkey, ha?

Mast. Sir, let me advise you, don't expose yourself; you are an old gentleman, and should be wise; you are a little mad, which you don't perceive; your friends have found it out, and have delivered you over to me. (*Alph. spits in his face.*)--Say you so, old boy?--A. hey! (*Enter Keepers*) Seize him here, and fifty straps o'th' back presently.

Jul. (aside) I'm afraid they'll make him mad indeed. (*They strap him.*)--Rare sport.

Alph. Hold, hold, hold, hold, hold.-----Hark ye, gentlemen, gentlemen, one word, but one word: Pray do me the favour to shew me my chamber.

Mast. O ho! I'm glad to see you begin to come to yourself, sir, I don't doubt, but proper methods will bring you to your senses again.

Alph. Yes, sir. I hope all will be well. Really I find myself at this time, as I think, very sensible---- of some strokes o'th' back. (*aside*)

Mast. I can see your madness very much abated.

Alph. Yes, truly, I hope it is; though I can't say but-----a-----I am still-----a-----little discomposed.

Mast. There must be some time to restore a man. Rome was not built in a day. But since the Duke has so much kindness for you, to be in haste for your cure, when your next fit comes we'll double the dose.----Here lead the gentleman to his chamber; but he must have no supper to night; take care of that.

Alph. Pray, sir, may I sleep?

Maft. A little you may. In the morning we'll take 30 or 40 ounces of blood away; which, with a water-gruel diet, for a week or ten days, may moderate things mightily.---Go, carry him in, I'll follow presently.

Alph. What a wretched dog am I! Strapping for supper, and water-gruel for breakfast.

[*Exeunt Keepers and Alphonso.*]

Maft. You see, fir, the Duke's orders are obeyed.

Jul. I'll not fail to acquaint him with it. Pray let the old gentleman want nothing but his wits.

Maft. He shall be taken perfect care of.----My humble duty to his grace.

[*Exit Master.*]

Jul. So now I think I have fixed thee. This has succeeded rarely!----I could burst with laughing now, lie down and roll about the room, I am so tickled with it. But I have other business to do; now's my time to serve my mistress. Good stars! guide me where she is, and I have nothing more to ask you, but a husband; and that the sooner the better.

[*Exit.*]

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SCENE V. Near Segovia.

Enter Seberto and Curio.

Seb. O my conscience, we have quite lost him; he's not gone home, we have heard from thence this morning.

Cur. Faith let's e'en turn back; this is but a wild-goose chase.

Seb. No, hang't; let's see the end of these adventures now we are out: they must end soon one way or other.

Cur. Which way shall we go? We have scoured the champaign country, and all the villages, already.

Seb. We'll beat these woods; and, if nothing start, we'll go to Segovia.

Cur. I'm afraid he's sick, or fallen into some danger. He has no guide nor servant with him.

Seb. Hang him, he's tough and hardy, he'll bear a great deal.

Cur. Shall we part, and go several ways?

Seb. No, that will be melancholy; let's e'en keep on together.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Alinda and Juletta.

Jul. Indeed, madam, 'tis very cruel in you to shew this strange mistrust of me. Have I not always served you faithfully? why do you shun me thus? What have I done to call my truth in ques-

tion? But I see you are still doubtful; 'tis enough; I'll leave you; and may you light of one will serve you better. Farewel.

Alin. Prithee forgive me: I know thou art faithful, and thou art welcome to me; a welcome partner to my miseries. Thou knowest I love thee too.

Jul. I have indeed thought so.

Alin. Alas! my fears have so distracted me, I durst not trust myself

Jul. Pray throw them by then, and let 'em distract you so no more; at least consider how to prevent 'em. Pray put off this fool's coat; tho' it has kept you secret hitherto, 'tis known now, and will betray you. Your arch-enemy Roderigo is abroad, and a thousand more are seeking for you.

Alin. I know it, and would gladly change my dress if I knew how: But alas! I have no other.

Jul. I'll equip you. I lay last night at a poor widow's house here in the thicket, where I'll carry you, and disguise you anew; myself too to attend you.

Alin. But hast thou any money? for mine's all gone.

Jul. Enough for this occasion: I did not come out empty.

Alin. Hast thou seen Roderigo lately?

Jul. This very morning, in these woods. Take heed, for he has got a new shape.

Alin. A pilgrim's habit, I know it: was he alone?

Jul. No, madam; and, which made me wonder, he was in company with that very pilgrim, that handsome man you were concerned you gave nothing to.

Alin. Is't possible! Did they seem friends?

Jul. The greatest that could be.

Alin. Intimate?

Jul.

Jul. Walk'd arm in arm.

Alin. What can this mean?

Jul. Lord! how concerned she seems!

Alin. Canst thou shew 'em me?

Jul. Not for the world; in this dress; but come with me to my old woman's, and there I'll inform you further of the matter.

Alin. Let's be speedy then, for I'm full of agitation; come as we go, I'll tell thee all my secrets.

Jul. I'll keep them faithfully.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of Act IV.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I.

*A Wood.**Enter Roderigo and Pedro.*

Rod. **H**OW sweet these solitary places are! how wantonly the wind blows through the leaves, and courts and plays with 'em? Will ye sit down and sleep; 'tis wondrous hot.

Ped. I cannot sleep, my friend; my heart's too watchful to admit of slumbers.

Rod. The murmurs of this stream perhaps may lull you into rest.

Ped. It is impossible; have you seen no one yet?

Rod. No creature.

Ped. What strange music was that we heard far off?

Rod. I cannot guess; it was uncommon; sometimes it seemed hard by, at least I thought so.

Ped. It pleased me much; what could it be? here's no inhabitants.

Rod. They talk of fairies, and such airy beings; if there are such, methinks they could not choole a lovelier dwelling.

Ped. Those rocks, there, look like enchanted cells, formed for such inhabitants. (*Music.*) Hark!
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more music! [*Music.*] Hark, gentle Roderigo!
[*again*] O love! what fuel's this to feed thy flame?
O Alinda!

Rod. (*aside*) By all his woes, he weeps.

Rod. What are these?

Ped. What!

Rod. Those there; those things that come upon
us: Did not I say these woods had wonder in 'em?

Enter Alinda and Juletta, like old Women.

Jul. Now you may view 'em; there are the men
you wished for. There they are both; now you
may boldly talk with 'em, and ne'er be guess'd at.
Don't be afraid; See! they're surpris'd! they don't
know what to make of us.

Alin. I tremble!

Jul. Then you spoil all; take courage and attack
'em. I'll bring you off, I'll warrant ye.

Alin. 'Tis he and Roderigo; what peace dwells
in their faces! What a friendly calm!

Rod. They seem mortal; they come upon us
still.

Ped. Let's meet 'em; fear won't become us.
Hail, reverend dames!

Alin. What do you seek, good men?

Ped. We would seek happier fortunes.

Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em.

Tarry not, nor loiter here;

Here inhabits nought but fear:

Be constant, good, in faith be clear,

Fortune will wait ye every where.

Ped. Whither should we go? for we believe thee,
and will obey thee.

Alin. Go to Segovia; and there before the altar
pay thy vows, thy gifts and prayers; unload thy
heaviness.

There

There shed thy mournful tears, and gain thy suit;
Such honest, noble showers ne'er wanted fruit.

Jul. [to *Rod.*] And next for you.

See how he quakes!

A secure conscience never shakes.

Thou hast been ill, be so no more:

A good retreat is a great store:

Thou hast commanded men of might;

Command thyself, and then thou'rt right.

Alin. Command thy will, thy soul desires;

Quench thy wild unhallow'd fires,

Command thy mind; let that be pure;

A blessing then thou may'st procure.

Jul. Take sage advice: Go say thy prayers;

Thou hast as many sins as hairs.

Of lawless men, a lawless chief;

A rebel bloody, and a thief.

Alin. Retire, thou trembling guilt, retire;

And purge thee perfect in his fire:

His life observe; be that thy guide,

And heaven may then be on thy side.

Jul. At Segovia, both appear.

Alin. Be wise, and happiness is near.

Both. Be wise, and happiness is near.

[*Exeunt Alinda and Julietta.*]

Rod. Astonishment! what can this mean? They
know my very soul.

Ped. Mine they've inspired:—Be wise and hap-
piness is near. Those were their parting words.
They had the awful sound of sacred truth, and I
have faith to comfort me. Come on, my friend,
The oracle enjoins an easy pilgrimage. Let's try
what fate intends us.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

A Chamber in a Mad-house.

Enter Master of the Mad-house, Seberto and Curio.

Cur. We have told you what he is, what time we have sought him, his nature and his name; the seeming boy too, we have given you, I think, a fair account of.

Seb. That the Duke should send that letter, is impossible; he knows him not. And for his madness, that we both can clear him of. A humourist he is indeed, a great one, violent too on every small occasion — but no more —

Cur. 'Twas some trick that brought him hither; the letter and the page, both counterfeits: if therefore you'd be well advised, don't keep him longer here.

Mastr. Gentlemen, you have satisfied me, and I'll release him: though I must confess, whether you call it madness or not, I believe a little more of our discipline would do the old gentleman a kindness. But I'll dispute no longer—you shall have him.

Seb. Sir, we thank ye.

Mastr. Here, bring in the old gentleman.

Cur. Poor Alphonso!

Enter

Enter Keepers with Alphonso.

Seb. Poor Alphonso indeed! was there ever such a change! Sir, I'm glad once more to meet with you. *(To Alph.)*

Cur. I'm overjoyed to find you.

Alph. Soft, no flights: passions are all forbid here. Let your tongue go like a pendulum, steady; or that gentleman there will regulate your motion, with fifty strokes o'the back presently.

Seb. There's no danger: you are safe too; we have satisfied the master, who, and what you are: and he has consented to release you.

Mastr. Yes, sir, these gentlemen have assured me you are a sober person; so I ask your excuse for what's past, and restore you to your liberty.

Alph. Very concise indeed: I am much beholden to you truly; and do confess with great humility I have not deserved the favours you have been pleased to bestow upon me. But if I have the honour to see you at my house, I shall not forget to return your bounty with some strokes of acknowledgment.

Mastr. Sir, your very humble servant.

Alph. Sir, entirely yours.

Mastr. Farewell, gentlemen.

Alph. Come, friends, one under one arm, and t'other under t'other: I must make a pair of crutches of ye.

Seb. You are very weak indeed.

Cur. You look wretchedly.

Alph. A little in love only, that's all. Ah Seberto. Ah Curio—such discipline! the Lord have mercy on me. Had I been here till to-morrow morning, this
dog

dog would not have left me six ounces of blood in my whole body.

Seb. Can you imagine who put this trick upon you?

Alph. The devil, to be sure; but who gave him his cue I can't tell——Come, carry me off: lead me to the church, I am in a very religious fit at this time, and will give some thanks for my delivery: when that's over, I'll be revenged:

[Exeunt severally.]

G

SCENE

SCENE III.

Inside of a Cathedral with an Altar.

Solemn Music.

Pedro, Roderigo, Governor, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.
discovered.

Ped. For ourselves first thus we bend ;

Rod. Forgive us heav'n, and be our friend,
Accept our offerings we implore ;

The peace, which we have lost, restore.

Ped. Give me Alinda, and I ask no more.

[*Music.*]

Enter Alphonso, Curio, and Seberto.

Alph. For my lost wits (let me see)

First I pray ; and secondly,

To be at home again and free ;

And if I travel more—hang me.

[*Music.*]

Enter Alinda and Julietta, like Shepherdesses.

Jul. Here they all are, madam ; but fear nothing :
the place protects you. My old Bilboa master, o'my
conscience. How in the name of mischief got he
out ?

out? But they have pepper'd him I see: that's some comfort.

Alph. I had a daughter once with just such a young roguish leer as that: a filly too, that waited on her; much such a slut as t'other. Are they come to keeping of goats? 'Tis very well: I thought they'd never come to leading of apes.

Alin. (*Going to the altar.*) Thus we kneel, and thus we pray,
Happiness attend this day.
Hear me, heav'n, and as I bend
With faith and hope, some comfort send.

Jal. Hear her, hear her, if there be
A spotless sweetness, this is she. [*Mus.*]

Seb. 'Tis she, sure.

Cur. 'Tis certainly.

Ped. Is it a vision? Or is it she?

Rod. 'Tis she, and what you were foretold, is now at hand. Rejoice, my friend, for happiness attends you.

Ped. Now, Roderigo, I may stand in need of your assistance.

Rod. My life is yours.

Ped. Then with a joy that lovers know, but none else e'er conceived, let me approach this beauteous wanderer. [*Throws off his Pilgrim's garb.*]

Alin. O Pedro!

Ped. My life, my heaven.

Alph. Pedro: the devil it is?

Gov. Noble Pedro! are we so happy to have you still among us? This is an unexpected blessing.

Alph. (*Aside*) A very great blessing indeed.

Ped. In spite of all my griefs, life still prevails: fate seems to have some farther business for me; if 'tis to wander on with fruitless care, and buffet still with disappointments, let manhood be my aid: but if the sullen cloud, that long has lowering hung

about my head, be destined to withdraw, 'tis the warm influence of your blessing, sir, that must disperse it.

[*Kneels to Alphonso.*]

Alph. I bless thee!—Ha, ha:—Damn thee.

Gov. Sir, though I am a stranger both to you and the request the noble Pedro makes you; his merit's so well known to me, that I must be his second in his suit, and tell you nothing can e'er be in your power to grant, but his desert may claim.

Alph. I don't know what his desert may claim, governor; but, if it claims any thing but a gallows, he is a very impudent fellow.

Rod. Perhaps I being mediator, sir, may change your thoughts of him——

[*Discovers himself.*]

Alph. Roderigo!

Rod. Roderigo, sir, becomes a suppliant for Pedro, that you would bless yourself in blessing him, and bless him with the fair Alinda.

Alph. (*aside.*) Here's a dog for you; he finds the jade's a scamperer, so he has a mind to be off of the lay.—[*to Rod.*] Are you serious in this request, sir?

Rod. Most serious, sir.

Alph. [*aside*] I believe you may. Let me see; he has a mind to be rid of her, why should not I? Pedro's a dog, and if I could hang him, I would. But since I can't, I'll be revenged another way; he shall marry the gipsy.—(*to Ped.*) Look ye, sir; and, madam, (*bowing to Alin.*) I have made some short reflections upon the present posture of affairs, and am come to a short conclusion. As to my blessing, I can't conveniently spare it you: but, if you can contrive to bless one another, you may e'en be as blessed as you please.

Ped. Most generous Alphonso.—

Alph. Most courtly Pedro, you may spare your compliment; for, if you take my word for it, the present I have made you, does not deserve it.

Ful.

Jul. But I say, she deserves the whole world.

Alph. Hark you, madam; you had a Gillian once, nimble-chaps, I think we called her; pray, is this the lady?

Jul. No, she's at home as you ordered her: I'm a little foot-boy, that walks at nights, and frightens old gentlemen, makes 'em lose hats and cloaks——

Alph. And horses too, ha?

Jul. Sometimes I do, sir, when the case requires it. I teach them the way too through hedges and ditches: and how to break their shins against a stile.

Alph. A very pretty art truly.

Jul. Sometimes I'm a drum, sir; a drum at midnight. Ran ran dan, dra dan tan, sir; a page too upon occasion, to carry letters for the securing of old strollers.

Alph. Thou art the devil.

Jul. I'm worse, sir. I'm an old woman sometimes.

Rod. Ha! that tells fortunes.

Jul. And frightens pilgrims, and sends 'em to Segovia for their fortunes. I am music too, any thing to do her good. And now she has got her lover, I am Julietta again, and at your service, sir, if you please to forgive me.

Alph. I dare not do otherwise, lest thou shouldst follow me still: so I desire we may be friends, with all my heart; and, gentlemen, if any of you have a mind to marry her——

Jul. Sir, I am obliged to you; but I'm married to my mistress: with her I hope to pass some three or fourscore years; at which time, sir, I shall be at your service; so when you've any more pranks to play, sir, you know where to have me!

Alph. 'Tis very well, I shall be sure to send to thee.

Ped. One reconciliation more lies on my hands: in which I must engage the generous governor.——
Roderigo, sir, is not unknown to you; nor is a stranger

stranger to your interest with the King; I hope you will employ it to restore him.

Gov. The King, indeed, is much incensed; but, when his merit shall be laid before him, I hope he'll find it easy to forget his crimes; be it my care to set him right at court.

Alph. And mine to get home to my house again; and if I leave it for such another expedition—
(to *Jul.*) May little nimble-chaps, here, be my fellow-traveller.

Rod. And now, Alinda,

The dangerous tempest of our woes blown o'er;
Safely we land upon love's peaceful shore;
Unnumber'd blessings now attend thy youth,
The sure reward of piety and truth.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



